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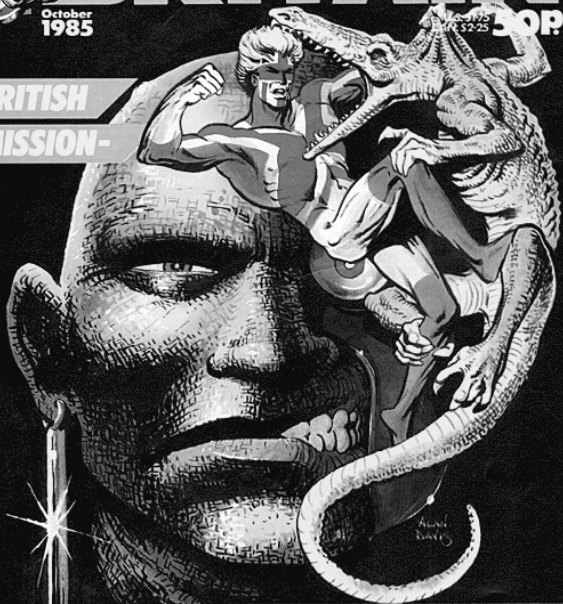


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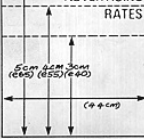
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Wow! What did he eat before he went to sleep?" says a character in Woody Allen's *Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy*, when the he in question describes an unpleasant dream. However, it isn't food which gives the good Captain visionary horrors, as you'll discover in *African Nightmare* — our lead story in *Captain Britain Monthly*, number 10.

Brian Braddock's position as head of the Manor is under pressure from the Mastermind/RX/Elizabeth triumvirate. One thing is clear — Brian is now an outsider in his own home. But before he can act, there's a desperate phone call from brother Jamie. . . he has been kidnapped!

Elsewhere this issue, you can read the sixth and final part of the *Space Thieves*, and we also welcome the text story adaptation of *Night Raven*, written by none other than Jamie Delano. This series will be new to some people, and they may be interested to learn that the setting for these stories has shifted forward from the gangster-ridden 1930s to the present day. If you don't know the reason for the jump, you're in for quite an intriguing surprise.

Speaking of surprises, there's one for everybody next issue, in the form of a special giant-sized, full colour poster which we're giving away FREE! It's an original Alan Davis painting, in a design that is totally unique to Captain Britain. Make sure you're here for that, and enjoy the issue!

Editor: Ian Rimmer • Assistant Editor: Simon Furman • Design: John Tomlinson • Art Asst: Richard Starkings • Production: Alison Gill and Jez Meteyard • Advertising: Sally Benson (01-221 1232)



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Captain BRITAIN

JAMIE DELANO ALAN DAVIS
CO-CREATORS
ANNIE HALFACREE IAN RIMMER
LETTERER EDITOR

ARE YOU
SURE THIS IS THE
EMPEROR'S COMPOUND?
THERE DON'T SEEM TO
BE ANY GUARDS...

WELL,
THAT'S WHAT THE
VILLAGERS
SAID...

AND YOU'RE SURE
YOU UNDERSTOOD THE
LOCAL DIALECT?

YEAH, HONEST.
I DON'T KNOW HOW,
BUT I DID...

JUST
ANOTHER POWER.
MEGGAN, YOU'LL GET
USED TO IT! WHAT
ELSE DID THEY
SAY?

WELL, THEY SEE
HIM MORE AS A GOD
THAN AN EMPEROR.
THEY CALL HIM
DOCTOR CROCODILE...

BUT HIS REAL
NAME'S TOSHILA N'DINGI.
HE'S THE SON OF THE OLD
CHIEF, EDUCATED IN EN-
GLAND. HE'S ONLY RECENTLY
TAKEN CONTROL IN
MBANGAWI...

DO YOU THINK
HE KNOWS THAT
WE'RE HERE?

THE FACT THAT WE
FLEW UNDER OUR OWN
POWER MIGHT PUT US
ONE MARCH AHEAD...

ANYWAY, HE'LL
KNOW IN A MINUTE.
NO ONE, EMPEROR OR
CROCODILE, KIDNAPS MY
BROTHER AND GIVES
ME ULTIMATUMS...

AFRICAN NIGHTMARE





CAPTAIN
BRITAIN, I PRESUME.
THANK YOU FOR
YOUR, UH, **SPECTA-
CULAR** ACCEPTANCE
OF MY INVITATION.

I'M SORRY THAT
I WAS NOT THERE
TO GREET YOU IN
PERSON, BUT I
AM VERY SHY...



I DEMAND THE
IMMEDIATE RELEASE
OF MY BROTHER, AND
AN EXPLANATION OF
YOUR ACTIONS.
OR I WILL...

TURN
ME INTO
HANDBAGS.
PERHAPS?
YOU ARE
A **FOL**.
CAPTAIN..

NOW SMELL
THE BREATH
OF DOCTOR
CROCODILE.



GAS!

Keesh



WITHOUT WARNING
IT BEGINS...

THERE IS NO TIME
FOR THOUGHT.

HIS MIND, STRIPPED
BARE, IS FILLED WITH
FLIGHT, AND FRIGHT.

HE RUNS.

TERROR TRUMPETS
IN HIS EARS...



... HURLING HIM
INTO THE GAPING
JAWS OF NIGHTMARE.

HE SMELLS THE
BREATH OF DOCTOR
CROCODILE...

... SINKING...

... INTO THE
DEEP...

... DARKNESS.

THEN, INTO THE COLD,
WET VOID OF HIS MIND,
NEW MEMORY GLARES.



...AND REMEMBER,
IF THERE IS ONE
HERE, TACT AND
DIPLOMACY ARE
THE WATCHWORDS.
WE'RE DEALING
WITH CHILDREN,
AND EMOTIONS
RUN HIGH.

BE
CAREFUL.



BUT YOU CAN'T
TAKE HIM AWAY!
HE'S MINE!

MRS ARNOLD
BELIEVE ME, I DO
UNDERSTAND. I WISH
THERE WERE SOME
OTHER WAY, BUT WE
HAVE THE PROPER
FACILITIES TO
CARE FOR...



HEY, ROBERT,
HEY, HEY... NOBODY'S
GOING TO HURT
YOU, CHILD.

NUGH
NEGHEHH



DON'T BE
AFRAID. COME TO
UNCLE JOSHUA.

WAHHH



HEY
DON'T...

WAHHH



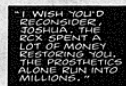
NO!

WUGHWUGH



THERE IS THE WHITE
HEAT OF PURE RAGE.

AND THEN...



... DOCTOR
CROCODILE.

COME FORWARD,
JACKAL, AND GAZE
UPON YOUR AGENTS
CRIMES...

...YOUR
CRIMES!

THIS ONE
I CAN SELL IN
TANGIER, AS FOR
THE REST...

KILL
THEM.

HELLO,
BRIAN...



THESE CRIMES
ARE YOUR CRIMES,
CAPTAIN. THE BLOOD
OF MY PEOPLE IS ON
YOUR HANDS.

NO!

I'VE NEVER
INTENTIONALLY
HURT ANYBODY!
I'VE FOUGHT ONLY
FOR GOOD!

YOU
SNIVELLING,
SPINELESS
TOAD.

WHAT!?

YOU'VE ALWAYS
HIDDEN BEHIND
SOCIETY'S LAWS.
PROTECTING THE
WEAK, THE SCUM
THAT HAVEN'T THE
STRENGTH TO
DESERVE LIFE...

AFRAID TO
INDULGE YOUR
PASSIONS.

THIS IS
THE GUILTY
ONE!

THIS IS
THE FILTH
THAT...

OH GOD.
IT CAN'T
BE...





MEGGAN, WHAT CAN I DO? FIRST BETSY SIDES WITH THOSE RABBIT FROM THE RCK, AND NOW TAMIE TURNS OUT TO BE SOME KIND OF MONSTER.

EVERYTHING CHANGES TOO FAST. IT MAKES ME WANT TO HIDE...



YOU NEVER KNEW TAMIE VERY WELL, DID YOU?

HE WAS OLDER THAN ME. HE ALWAYS LIKED TO ENJOY HIMSELF. I USED TO ADMIRE HIM FOR THAT.



NOW IT MAKES ME SICK TO KNOW THAT HE'S MY BROTHER.

I HOPE THEY KILL HIM.



BUT I DON'T WANT TO BE HERE WHEN THEY DO. I'VE GOT TO GO. NOT BACK TO THE MANOR ... ANYWHERE BUT THERE.

COME WITH ME.



SWOLLEN AND HEAVY, THE BLOOD-RED SUN WOBBLES UPWARD, FLAMINGOES, WITH WINGS AFLAME, CLATTER INTO THE AFRICAN DAWN.

BELOW, ALONE, DOCTOR CROCODILE BREATHES THE DRY, RUTHLESS AIR AND TURNS TO CONSIDER JUSTICE.

Next:

The House Of Baba Yaga

Captain Britain Communications

Our Address:

23 Redan Place, Bayswater, London W2 4SA, England.

Dear All,

In the last couple of issues two interesting storylines have emerged. Firstly, The Cherubim: They (and the other Warpies for that matter) could either turn out to be deadly enemies or useful allies for the Captain. Mind you, as he seems to have enough in the way of allies at the moment, the former seems more likely. I suppose it all depends on whether they develop an intelligence of their own, or remain mindless pawns. It looks as though they won't be given a chance to develop at all at the moment, with the scene shifting elsewhere in issue 10, but please don't let them just be swept under the carpet after one punch up. They could become something really special; maybe the RCX could use them as a national police force or army to quell the 'attempted overthrow of the democratic system'.

Secondly, Meggan's sudden and unforewarned transformation comes as a pleasant and happy surprise. Although looking like a cross between Phoenix and Starfire, she has been catapulted out of the supporting character line-up – with that annoyingly cute, puppy-appeal face – and into a major character in the strip. If handled correctly she could be as popular as the Captain himself. It's going to be interesting to see where she goes from here.

Jamie Delano is doing an excellent job. His plots are superb – swiftly and smoothly moving, melding perfectly, and always keeping us on our toes. And his scripting – issue 7 featured two of the best lines I've ever read: "Sterazine and Lou Reed just about keep them under", and "They're magical sports of a ruptured nature." I don't believe anyone is missing Alan Moore, and in today's comic biz, what higher compliment can you pay?

Alan Davis' layouts were quite superb this issue, some of the best he's done. But do I detect just a hint of rushing? Blasphemy I know, but maybe his workload is a little heavy now that he handles *Batman* and the *Outsiders* as well. I can't help but wonder – and worry – whether it won't be long before he drops the Captain as America welcomes him with open arms.

On to City. Yes, okay, discovering dirty deeds and throwing a spanner in the works is fine, but the story would have worked better with more space. I would have liked to see a more personal story of crime on the street. Mike Collins did well, but as a whole it felt empty, lacking depth of character. It would have benefitted from a style other than the almost clichéd 'I'm a gritty detective and I don't like what I do but I do it anyway.'

Space Thieves started well, with plenty of good jokes, but quickly became tiresome. Barry Kitson's art was good, but I can't help feeling he deserves better. There's not enough to lift the story at the moment, it's gone on far too long.

Captain Britain is on an excellent high at the moment and I'm more than happy to buy the comic. And although I haven't been overwhelmed by a couple of the back-ups, I always find them interesting for their variety.

Keep up the good work, you're doing well.

P.S. – will the *Night Raven* text story turn up here after the death of Conan? I hope so, you shouldn't let a good strip die. Terry Stock, South Harrow.

Indeed we shouldn't. Terry. And indeed we haven't. A three-part story premieres this issue, and subsequent stories will turn up from time to time.

Dear Ian,

Well, what can I say? Captain Britain Monthly is just great. The stories you people think up are fab. I have been a devoted fan of our fearless Captain ever since I picked up an issue of that equally great comic, *Mighty World of Marvel*. I think script and art have improved greatly since the move into his own mag. Meggan's transformation was very surprising, and the story as a whole is progressing well. By the way, will we be seeing any more posters? The one in issue 6 was great, and I wouldn't mind paying a little extra for say – a glossy centrepiece? Well, anyway, I'll look forward to reading many future issues of *Captain Britain*.

Theron Tidd,
Newbridge,
Co. Kildare.

Okay, what would you say to giant, full colour, glossy poster, featuring Captain Britain and his supporting cast FREE with next issue, and not costing you a penny more? Well, all you have to say this time next month is: "One copy of *Captain Britain* number eleven, please!"

More on P35

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Abslom Daak DALEKOOO CCCCKILLER

Script: Steve Moore

Art: David Lloyd

CONVICTED MURDERER ABSLOM DAAK AND PRINCE SALANDER HAVE FLED THE DRAGONIAN EMPIRE IN A NEW ATTACK-SHIP THE KILL-WABON. EN ROUTE FROM THE PLANET PARADISE, WHERE THEY HAVE PICKED UP HARMMA, AN ICE-WARRIOR, THEY NOW VOY-AGE THROUGH SPACE IN SEARCH OF A FOURTH CREW-MEMBER...

WHERE STANDS AN ANCIENT TOWER, DARK-STONED AND LONELY. IT HAS BEEN OCCUPIED MANY TIMES OVER THE CENTURIES, BUT WHO BUILT IT IS A MYSTERY... IT HAS SIMPLY BEEN HERE SINCE TIME IMMEMORIAL...

YET THOUGH ITS PAST IS LONG, ITS FUTURE IS... UNCERTAIN...

MY MOVE, I THINK!

TIK!TIK!

ALL YOUR KNOW-LEDGE, YOUR REASONING POWERS... ARE MINE TOO! THAT'S WHY YOU BUILT ME, REMEMBER? AS THE PERFECT INTELLECTUAL COMPANION...

IN THAT CASE IT SHOULDN'T WORRY ME THAT I'M BEING BEATEN... BY MYSELF..!

BUT OUR TALE BEGINS AT GROUND LEVEL, ON A VAST GRASSY PLAIN THAT STRETCHES ACROSS THE RICH AND PLEASANT PLANET DISATER...

YOU'RE PLAYING WELL, TODAY KIRKBAIN...

AH, WELL, YOU TAUGHT ME EVERYTHING I KNOW... WHEN YOU PROGRAMMED ME WITH EVERYTHING YOU KNOW...

STILL... I DON'T SEEM TO BE HAVING MUCH LUCK TODAY...

THWON!

MEANWHILE,
SOMEWHERE
IN THE VAST
VOID...

THISSS VOL
MERCURIUSSS
WE'RE LOOKING FOR
YOU SAY HE'S
NOT A FRIEND?

LET'S SAY
WE WERE BUSINESS
PARTNERS, A
LONG TIME
AGO...

THERE WERE
THREE OF US...
HIM, ME...

AND A
BEAUTIFUL
BABE CALLED
SELENE...

TOGETHER WE
DEPREAUPED PAN-
GALACTIC SHIPPERS
OF FOUR
BILLION...

AND I
SSSUPPOSE HE
RAN OFF WITH
THE MONEY?

YOU THINK
THAT'D BOTHER
ME? NO...

HE TOOK
SELENE ALONG
WITH HIM TOO...THAT
BOtherED ME!

ANYWAY, HE
REERED...BOUGHT
HIMSELF A WHOLE
PRIVATE PLANET..
LITTLE PLACE CALLED
DISPATER...

DISPATER?

SAW IT ON THE VIS-NEWS A COUPLE
OF DAYS AGO... SOME NUT IN THE
JARITH CLUSTER REBELLED...
CALLS HIMSELF EMPEROR...

DISPATER'S
BEEN INVADED BY
HIS KILL-MECHS!

HMM. THEY
DO SEEM TO BE
GETTING RATHER
CLOSE! I'VE GOT
SOME GOOD MEN
ON THE DEFENCE
LINE, BUT...

YOUR MOVE
MERCURIUS...

TELL ME, KLIKBRAIN
...SUPPOSE EVERY MOVE
WE MADE ON THE PARA-
CHESS BOARD WAS A MINATURE
VERSION OF WHAT'S
HAPPENING IN
REAL LIFE...

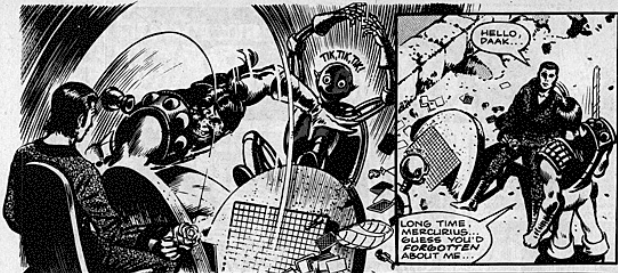
WHAT WOULD
THE OPDS BE
AGAINST
THAT...?

SEVERAL
BILLIONS TO
ONE. I SHOULD
THINK... MOST
IMPROBABLE!

STILL IT'S AN
INTERESTING
THOUGHT, ISN'T IT
OLD FRIEND?

TIK, TIK!





IT'S HARD TO
FORGET WHEN YOU
LEFT ME LIKE
THIS...



SEEMED LIKE
A FAIR DEAL... YOU
TOOK MY **GIRL**... I
TOOK YOUR HAND!

HOW IS
SELENE THESE
DAYS, ANYWAY?

HOW THE HELL
SHOULD I KNOW?
THAT WAS YEARS
AGO...

WELL, I'M
GOING TO GIVE
YOU A CHANCE TO
REMEMBER
MERCURIUS!

I'VE A SHIP
NEARBY... AND
I'M TAKING YOU
OUT OF HERE...



DON'T GO
WITH THEM,
MERCURIUS!

TIK, TIK!

SHUT UP,
TINHEAD! I'M
NOT LEAVING
YOU HERE FOR THE
KILL-MECHS...
...SO EITHER YOU
COME WITH US...

OR I KILL
YOU NOW
MYSELF...



DON'T LEAVE A
MAN MUCH CHOICE,
DO YOU?

SO LONG,
KLIK-BRAIN...



DON'T... LEAVE...
ME... HERE...

Next: Dalek Killers!



The Mysterious NIGHT-RAVEN

Script: Steve Parkhouse

Art: David Lloyd

NIGHT-TIME IN THE CITY...UNDERWORLD LEADER MR. BIG HAS HIRED AN ASSASSIN TO FINISH OFF NIGHT-RAVEN! WHILE CLIMBING A BUILDING IN PURSUIT OF THE ASSASSIN, NIGHT-RAVEN'S ROPE IS SEVERED BY A KNIFE...AND NOW HE PLUNGES TO CERTAIN DEATH!



BUT ALL IS NOT LOST...



...IF I CAN JUST CATCH THAT JIB WITH MY ROPE...



MADE IT!



THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!



HEY! WHAT GOES ON?

SOME KOOK JUST LANDED OUTTA NOWHERE!



LOOKS LIKE I'VE INTERRUPTED THE NIGHT SHIFT...



WASHING ROUND THE BODY OF DETECTIVE NOLAN, WHO
LIES WOUNDED AFTER A GUN BATTLE WITH THE
ASSASSIN...





Next: Showdown!



A man, yet an avenging shadow, he scoured the Underworld of 1930's New York. Then an encounter with a terrifying, deathless evil left him forever changed. Immortal, both more than a man yet less than human, he haunts those alleyways still – and still the forces of evil quail to the name of ...

Night RAVEN

MIDSUMMER MADNESS

by Jamie Delano Illustrations by Ivan Allen **episode 1**

The descent of the night crushed the fierce heat of the day into the pores of the city like rank, warm dough. With the sweat of breathless frustration squeezed from them, people moved

out into the downtown streets, swimming, slow and lethargic, searching for a hint of coolness in the turgid air.

Fine high cries of lean youth punched through the dense, warm fire-hydrant rain and portable music struggled out of open windows, dancing from fire-escapes where slick

bodies lounged, nesting, safe from the random predation of the streets below.

Summer in New York – and tension, grown of intangible threads, knotted itself deep in the gut of the sweltering city.

Pushed from his riverside



mausoleum by the oppression of the tropical night as inexorably as evolution pushed fish from the sea, Night Raven, broiling slowly inside his perpetual trench-coat and airless mask, worked his way uptown. Like a distracted cleric, he stalked the alleys that flanked Columbus Avenue. The heat battered at him with warm, wet wings, embarking him on a fevered march which, once begun, he could not stop. His direction was not purely random though. Somewhere ahead of him he felt the vague promise of arrival. He had a destination, as yet unknown.

Night Raven almost recognised the feeling. Events were moving around him again. He was being pulled towards change. Somewhere, something waited for him.

In a small, private hotel, known to its select and secretive patrons as The Inn Of The Peace of Heaven...

In a quiet side street fronting on to Central Park in the uptown apartment district... In a darkened room, silent except for the monotonous pressure of the tired air-conditioning system which struggled to thrash vitality into the stale air, the pale, white breast of Yi Yang rose and fell in rhythmic competition with the machinery as she breathed the opiated atmosphere.

She had not moved for hours. He was coming. He was near. Her stillness summoned him. Excitement pierced her trance. An eyelid trembled over a haunting eye and a slow cataract of black hair wriggled over the white snow-fields of a smooth shoulder. One arm, gloved in silk to the slim bicep, reached out and picked from an ebony table an eggshell mask of delicate perfect beauty. She tensed with the sensation of exquisite coolness which sank into the blasted wasteland of her right cheek, as the mutilation of that side of her face was replaced by the frozen, symmetrical beauty of the half-mask.

The scarred and heat-tormented skin of the right hand side of her body tingled, as if ants chased their teeming lives across it.

He was here. Yi Yang reined in her stampeding heart, rose from the carved chair and moved, as sinuous as a dragon, a white presence in the flat greyness of the unit room.

Yi Yang preferred the darkness. Her scars cringed from strong light. It was as if, when he had inflicted them upon her Night Raven, The Bird of Night,

had burned some of his darkness into her very flesh. She had meditated, long silent months, on the savage irony that had overtaken their perverted existences. How she, with six-thousand years of immortal life behind her had, hiding in decadent fear and physical pleasure, blindly faced the future as if it were the yawning jaws of hell. How she, the immaculately beautiful, deadly Dragon Empress had, on a whim and in retribution for his puny challenge to her American crime Empire, poisoned him with unceasing agony and cursed him with immortality in which to endure the unendurable.

Most lately had she realised how she must have feared death to crave destruction so. Why else would she have created such an implacable and indestructible foe as The Beast Of Oblivion which she had wrenched from the Lone Man of Justice, Night Raven? Even while she mocked and humiliated him, she had been courting the cold, dark bliss of oblivion. The blessed sleep which only he could bestow.

His revenge, when finally it closed its jaws on her heels, was not cold or dark, neither did it bring oblivion. There was nothing peaceful about the wild child's rage. It had been the very fire and light of hell which man had learned to rend by nuclear fission from the substance of the Universe – the very horror of insane destruction – which his fury had launched at her. He now thought her atoms were streaming on the winds of time, but he was wrong. He had missed. The pulse of annihilation had been mis-directed. Only the periphery of his wrath had scorched her, driving her into an insane and howling rebirth of agony as the side of her body which had been exposed to the deadly light – the cool, languid beauty of her profile – was deep-fried, crisped in its own oils.

It was now time for him to learn that she still lived. It was time for him to change.

A match flared in sudden, bright punctuation of the thought as Yi Yang lit a large, white candle. Holding it in her left hand she moved to the grey rectangle of the third-floor window. Before she reached it she knew that he was there. She glanced out and saw the polished, yellow face, gleaming like a hard beak, under the black wing of the decrepit hat. Its shadows harboured blazing and unblinking eyes, as Night Raven stood, staring directly up at her window in the penumbra of the parkside street-light.

Night Raven arrived. His feet stopped walking just outside of the streetlight's sphere of influence. His skin prickled from the damp heat as he looked up, scanning the four-floor frontage of the Brownstone which overlooked him. He scuffed at the sidewalk with the blunt spade of his toe. There was no light from any of the eight windows. Then one on the third floor flickered like a TV coming to life and an image, which seemed to grip his head and wrench at his attention, shone like a luminescent fish in a dark tank.

Night Raven's senses reeled. An inarticulate howl of disbelief bubbled in his throat, tortuously forming itself into the name which had once filled his existence.

"YIIIII YAAANNNGG...!"

There was no mistaking the shining figure in the window above, whose perfect, evil beauty flickered now in the mobile light of the candle which she held, as if beckoning him.

Night Raven took a lurching step forward, teetering on the edge of the kerb. His mind was hurtling out of control, desperately trying to assemble a cohesive strand of memory.

He saw a dark ship, drifting between slate-grey water and sky. He felt the bite of the Wisconsin wind with its cutting edge of snow. He heard the crystal voice mocking him from the radio on the shore. He remembered the searing heat – how it had twisted and tortured the ice – how it had boiled the dead, cold water of Lake Michigan into towering, mobile clouds which blotted out the sun.

He remembered the emptiness which lodged within him at the realisation of her annihilation.

Now rage and despair rolled, wrestling, through him. A reckless drum roll of horror pummelled his ribs. In the unwholesome depths of his trench-coat pocket his gloved hand clenched spasmodically on the constant weight of his revolver.

She was dead. Dead. He had given her that grace – that mercy stroke.

The firefly of candle flame climbed nearer to her face. She was a portrait in black and white. He wanted to kill her again. He wanted to kill her perpetually – he wanted to dedicate his immortality to the pursuit of his unforgiving rage. But also, he wanted to go to her... He took an involuntary step forward – he felt a long denied yearning to talk, to form logical words into sentences. To communicate with



someone who understood who he was.

The pain and conflict which coursed through him sang counterpoint in her fingertips and dappled her nerve endings as the awful warbling cry — her name — blurred from him. She concentrated her will in an effort to stay calm. She thought that he had him, but he was so wild, so unpredictable, so volatile and savage. It was like trying to mesmerise a shark. She sensed, though, some willingness. As if this time he might be ready to accept some comfort — to evolve.

She exulted, she played him on gossamer threads. He stepped forward. He had always been her marionette but, as with all great puppets and their masters, it had been a symbiosis of tension, lasting until he had slashed himself free of his guides and leapt, rampaging upon her in rebellion at his manipulation. She had lost him and he had wrought the magic of his vengeance upon her. For many months now she had manoeuvred, marking him from afar as he meandered in a dark isolation — desperately echoing a forgotten era when he was a dark knight of justice, a court to which there was no appeal.

Once she had come close to attaching new strings. When he had blundered, like some frantic crusader, into the esoteric world of The Brotherhood of Immortals. Then, however, he had still been too wild, too primal. He would have rent the fabric of illusion and pretence which shielded them from the vertigo of futile eternity and let in the sucking horror. He would have destroyed them.

The unmasked side of her exquisite face tightened as Yi Yang chased the ghost of a smile through the memory of her quest for destruction. The horror had been sucking at her heels then. She had since distanced it, and occupied a world which moved in the spaces which humanity left vacant. She had been a Sister in The Brotherhood of Time. She had saved Night Raven from their cautious violence when he had encroached upon the affairs of The Comte De Saint-Germain, Doctor John Dee and Papa Doc Duvalier, but had erased his memory of the events and turned him loose. Now though, she felt some softness within him — some resignation to despair. She wanted to draw her wild child nearer to the ethereal peace of immortality, the slow know-



ledge of agelessness which she had discovered. He was an anachronism. She thought he had begun to realise that. She thought she had a chance.

Slowly, oh so slowly, she moved the fluttering candle flame in a gentle circle of invitation. She saw him jerk forwards with another uncertain step. She saw the taut arm thrust hard into the pocket and knew the shape and texture of the steel that squatted there. Her breast rose, as gently she drew in the threads of her breath, pulling him in. The weight of the ancient silk robe was almost unbearable on the blazing skin of the scarred side of her body. She trembled like moth wings as he entered her web.

With its tyres hissing slickly on the soft tar, the Black and White patrol unit prowled lazily up the street. Behind the wheel, his fat, pink elbow jutting abruptly out of the open window to catch the slow movement of the air, Officer Pat Devine turned down with a snap the can of coke which his partner proffered.

"Nah, not for me. That slop just blows me out. Anyway, I'm already wetter'n an old diaper."

Beside him, Joe Rascinek shrugged and drained the can before crunching it in his heavy fist. "Yeah, this heat is a

bitch." With a flick of his wrist he sent the flattened can out of the window to skitter into the gutter. "Sends all the creeps crazy too. We oughta just sit back in the Station House and let the mothers slice each other up. Whadda you say?"

"I say that you didn't oughta trash up the street that way. Y'ain't back in Brooklyn now, y'know. This is where the rich folks live."

Rascinek belched loudly. "Well as far as I'm concerned, those fat cats can just kiss my . . . Whoa, hold up now. Talking of trash, what the hell is that, Pat . . .?"

"Ain't never seen it stacked so high, but it looks like work to me." Pat Devine's foot squashed the throttle pedal briefly to the floor and then jumped almost immediately to the brake. The big car leapt forward, trapping the bizarre figure which had shambled from the kerb into the suspicious eyes of the headlights, like a cat corners a mouse.

The man, and there was a moment's doubt in Rascinek's mind, froze for an instant and then began tossing his terrible masked head like an angry bull. An inhuman hissing crawled in through the open window, chilling Rascinek's blood. He noticed the hand thrust into the pocket and reached for his own weapon. They had pulled a crazy one.

"Stay in the goddam car, Joe. He's gotta be on some loopy kinda dope." Devine reached for the mike and flipped the radio on to public address. Sometimes the sheer volume of the mechanical voice could hold them. Joe Rascinek nestled his issue revolver in his lap and reached to unclip the illegal sawed-off that was under the seat. He had faced Angel Dust crazies before. They scared him . . .

"FREEZE. TAKE YOUR HAND OUTTA YOUR POCKET AND LAY DOWN. NOW!"

Devine's voice crackled into the night and the swaying figure vaulted and somersaulted, high, rattling over the roof, coat flapping like ragged wings, to clatter into the dark cave of an alley.

Rascinek ducked and thumbed off the safety on the sawed-off. Devine cursed and floored the gas, hauling the car round in a road-chewing curve and roaring into the alley after him. It was blind. Penned by high walls the weirdo turned and faced them. Rascinek swallowed hard, ducked out of his window and fired. "Goddamnit, Joe, take it easy."

Devine started to open his door. "Cover me, Joe," he muttered, leaning to leave his seat. Instantly, the flapping figure was up and running again, hurtling into the lights which blinded him, like a giant, kamikaze moth. There was a dull metallic thud, like a biscuit tin squashing, coupled with a harder, more serious sound. The car door had slammed shut, and Devine now slumped back across Rascinek's lap. While heavy feet crunched dents in the steel roof above him, Rascinek fought the confusion of a failed certainty and tried to lift Devine's head from his lap. It felt wrong. Soft and wet. Nausea rose in him as he realised that the softness was Pat's skull, stove in by the vicious impact of the door. With a trembling hand he reached for the mike and, trying to hold his voice steady, called for help.

The thumping on the roof had stopped and, with a heart that beat in the back of his throat, Rascinek eased himself out of the car. Devine's head lolled on to the seat. Rascinek swung the shotgun to cover the roof of the car, but there was no maniac waiting. A slight sound fell to his ear and he grabbed for the swivel-light, frantically cutting it across the black plane of the blank wall above. He found a drainpipe, followed it up and, yes, there he was, flapping like some bat, high on the wall. Rascinek swung up the shotgun and pumped the magazine into the night.

No mistaking the hit this time. He saw him jerk under the leaden lash but he did not fall. He carried on climbing and disappeared over the rim of the roof.

The next ten minutes were a world of sirens and red flashing lights for Joe.

He stood, staring blindly, while the paramedics spied Devine's body to the ambulance. They did not hurry. The ineffectual shotgun still hung limply at his side as the Precinct Captain approached him.

"Joe . . . I'm sorry about Pat." Rascinek nodded as the Captain indicated the gun.

"D'you hit the creep with that blunderbuss?"

"You bet your sweet ass I did. Gotta be four times . . . maybe five . . ."

The Captain spat an exhausted piece of gum against the wall. "Then we got him. No sweat. Chances are he's still on the roof. That guy's killed a cop, Joe. I'm gonna call for a chopper. We'll nail him to the wall."

Next: The Fugitive

SPACE THIEVE



Script
David Anthony Harper

Art
Barry Windsor-Kiton

John W. Stokes

Calligraphy
Richard Creditwherecreditdue Starkings

Editor
Ian St. John Rimmer

WHILST ON THE SPEEDSTER, ALL IS NOT WELL.

ALRIGHT, BRASS-HEAD, WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT ZAC 14?

I'M SURE THERE IS A REASONABLE EXPLANATION, SO LET'S HEAR IT.

IF YOU DON'T SPILL THE BEANS I'LL OPEN YOU LIKE A TIN CAN.

ALL IN GOOD TIME. NOW, CALM DOWN.

WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT ABOUT A GLORIFIED CIRCUS?

THAT'S BETTER. NOW, YOU'VE ALL BEEN TO ZAC 14 BEFORE... AM I CORRECT?

Er... DUNNO.

WELL...

I MIGHT HAVE...

IT'S POSSIBLE...

SURELY YOU ALL REMEMBER...

HI THERE, FOLKS! WELCOME TO THE ZAPPIEST PLANET IN THE UNIVERSE. ZAC 14 IS THE SAFE, SECURE WORLD WHERE ALL THE FAMILY CAN HAVE FUN, FUN, FUN! SO GIVE ME YOUR IDENTIFICATION NOW AND YOU WON'T BECOME A TARGET FOR THE BLAST THE ALIENS SIDESHOW!

I THINK WE'D BEST DELAY THIS CONVERSATION UNTIL WE LAND...

WIN A

SHORTLY, IN A NEARBY
REPAIR-BAY...

NASTY LITTLE SCRAPE SKIPPER, NON-STANDARD PARTS... TWO DAYS' LABOUR INTENSIVE WORK. GONNA SET YOU BACK FIFTY THOUSAND CREDITS, BUT I'LL THROW IN THE ROBOT REPAIRS FREE.

HOLY GOSH, HACKMAN, THAT'S STEEP!



MAYBE I COULD GET HIM TO REDUCE THE PRICE... WITH AN AUTO-WRENCH OR SOMETHING.

SINCE WHEN DO YOU NEED REPAIRS, ANYWAY?

I MERELY ENQUIRED IF THE MAN COULD ATTEND TO WHAT REMAINS OF MY THIRD LEG, BUT SEEING AS WE HAVE RECENTLY BECOME SO RICH, WHY ARE WE HESSLING OVER SUCH TRIFLES?



WHY DON'T YOU FOUR ADJOURN TO SOME QUIET ACCOMMODATION WHILE THE WORK IS CARRIED OUT? BY AN AMAZING COINCIDENCE I JUST HAPPEN TO HAVE A COMPLETE CHART OF THIS ENTIRE PLANET IN MY MEMOIR BANKS. MAY I RECOMMEND THE SPACE-HOPPERS BIJOU HOTEL...?



...GO ON, MICK, LET ME...

WELL - OKAY, BUT YOU CARRY THE SACK OF JEWELS.



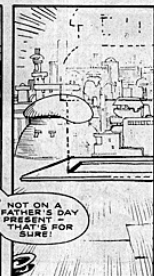
THANKS, MICK. IT'LL LOOK GREAT.

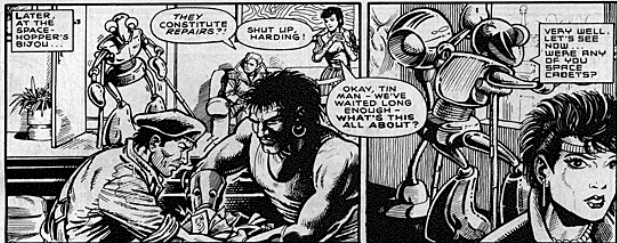
WHAT WILL LOOK GREAT?

THE GARAGE...

...WHEN HE BLOWS IT UP.



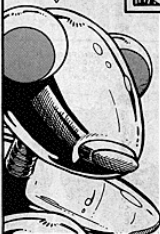








HE ARRANGED FOR LUCINOR AND THE CAPTAIN TO MEET IN THE ALCO-688, MASTERAS NAT AND RICA WOULD HIJACK THE CAPTAIN'S SHIP SHORTLY AFTER. HE, OF COURSE, GAVE THEM THE IDEA OF STEALING THE JEWELS IN THE FIRST PLACE.





SUDDENLY...

HOLY GOSH...

THE BARMAN!

HE'S RESPONSIBLE!

REALLY? I'LL KILL HIM!



BEFORE YOU DO JUST STOP FOR A MICRO-SECOND - AND CONSIDER WHAT YOU'VE ACHIEVED.

YOU'VE RAIDED THE MOST SECURE BANK-Vault IN THE UNIVERSE AND RETRIEVED MY GOODS - THE SO-CALLED ZART IMPERIAL JEWELS - FROM RIGHT UNDER THE MORE THAN AMPLE NOSES OF THOSE VILE AND HATED CREATURES.

IN DOING SO, YOU ENGINEERED A BATTLE BETWEEN SOME OF THE MOST DANGEROUS SACKIONS IN THE UNIVERSE, SO THAT THEY ALL BUT WIPED EACH OTHER OUT.

PLUS - THE FEARFUL MONSTER MCCADONE HAS BEEN TAUGHT A LESSON, AND THE DEAL HE WAS ARRANGING WITH THE ZARTS - WHICH COULD HAVE HAD DIRE CONSEQUENCES FOR US ALL - HAS BEEN STOPPED.



TRULY, YOU ARE A MAJOR FORCE IN THE UNIVERSE. A MORE FORMIDABLE GROUP I CANNOT IMAGINE, SO - IF I COULD HAVE MY JEWELS BACK...

uh...?

YES, MY JEWELS - ORIGINALLY STOLEN FROM ME BY THE ZARTS. THEY'RE COMPONENT PARTS OF THE TIME MACHINE I'M BUILDING.



UR-MMPH...

Ef...

OH... ER, WELL - WHILE RUSS WAS AWAY...



WE FENCED 'EM!

WHAT!?!



YOU GREAT STEAMING BUNCH OF INCOMPETENT GLOP-EATERS!

GO AND GET THEM BACK AGAIN!

I LEAVE THEM ALONE FOR FIVE MINUTES AND THEY WRECK THE WHOLE MISSION-OOPS!

AND OFF THEY GO AGAIN...

The End

Captain Britain Communications

Dear Ian,

Issue six's cover was truly beautiful, Alan really outdid himself there. When I managed to tear myself away from that masterpiece of a cover, I noticed that you forgot to mention Canadian assessments in your contents page editorial. We Canadians pay the most for this comic, and for letter postage, so I think we're worth remembering, eh?

After that, I read *Captain Britain* and *Abslom Daak* and enjoyed them immensely. The team of Davis and Delano on the C.B. strip take some beating. But Jamie should remember to explain his stories more fully for the benefit of newer readers like me. *Night Raven* and *City* should be dropped, and the spare pages spread between *Abslom Daak* (in new adventures) and *Captain Britain*. And you'd then have room for a regular letters spot.

For more of the British difference, I'll see you next issue!
Scott Tilson,
Ontario,
Canada

Forget about our loyal Canadian readership? Perish the thought! We're always delighted to hear from our more far-flung audience, so keep writing! That's a fair criticism about story explanation, but real-

ly, it's not Jamie's error - it's *ours*! We're putting it right by including more of a recap in the Contents page introduction ... so make sure you read it, y'hear!



Dear Mr Rimmer,

I would like you to answer a question of mine that I have been dying to ask. Is the bearded father of Meggan (as seen in

Captain Britain 8) from *Otherworld*? I know this may sound stupid to some readers, but then who can trust the damn scripts anyway, I mean, they're so unpredictable. You might be wondering where I got this strange idea from in the first place: well, it all started when I stumbled across two panels of the *Captain Britain* story, *A Funeral on Otherworld* in *MWOM* 13.

A certain bearded gentleman was seen carrying the coffin containing the body of Merlin and then seen again talking to a long eared creature in the top panel of page seven. Is this Meggan's dad? Richard Harris, Walsall, West Midlands

It's tempting to answer, "Not yet..." but that would be cruel. In truth, the answer is NO. The bearded character from *Funeral* is Vortigen, one of the Six Proud Walkers who were featured in the aforementioned *Black Knight* strip. Good idea, though...

Dear Marvel,

In issue 8 of *Captain Britain* you published a list of all the comics the good Captain has been in. Well, you missed one out! In issue 307 of *Captain America*, there was a cameo appearance of our Captain at the beginning of the story. Apart from that the list was very helpful, I now know which comics to buy (at any cost!)

Brian Lewis,
Swindon.

Picky, picky, picky! Okay, we'll give you that one...

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